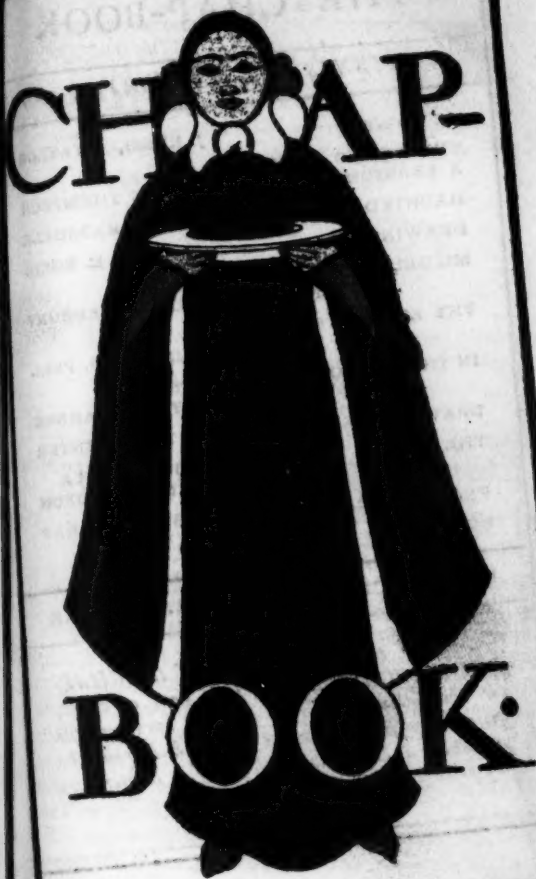


No. 4

VI.



BOOK

THE CHAP-BOOK

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PRICE 10 CENTS

\$2.00 A YEAR

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AT DAWN.

THE floating hills are smoking blue ;
The ghostly town is drownsed in mist ;
The beaded grass is drenched with dew,
And with your ghost I tryst.

Far in that drowsy distance, wake,
My love ; run down the sleepy air
With tumbled hair and gown a-shake
And little feet all bare.

Love calls ; the thrushes flute ; come, sweet ;
The cardinal yearns, and mourns the dove,
The hills are half dissolved in love,—
My lips upon your feet!

J. RUSSELL TAYLOR.

THE RUSTIC MUSE.

[A REASSURING ESSAY.]

IN THE days when Jasmin, who was called the Provençal troubadour, had charmed all France with his delightful poems, there came a letter to him from a friend in Toulouse advising him to go straightway to Paris, where he would be lionized and loaded with honors and riches. In a word, the lively critics of the French capital had ready a "boom" for this melodious hair-dresser of Agen, "discovered" by Charles Nodier, and they wished to have him present when they should let it off.

But Jaquon Jansemin, as he rightfully spelt his name, was not to be caught and shorn so easily of his inde-

pendence. He declined the honor and remained in his humble home. "In my town," he said, "where everybody works, leave me as I am. In summer, happier than any king, I gather my little store of supplies for winter, and then I sing like a finch in the shade of a poplar or an ash, but too glad to grow old in the place where I was born. In summer, as soon as the *zigo, zion, zion* of the leaping grasshopper is heard, the young sparrow deserts the nest where it found its wing-feathers ;—not so with the wise man."

At present the philosophy thus naively expressed may be consoling to a large number of American writers who are compelled to sit afar off while the "boom" is on for this, that, or the other English literary parvenu. Moreover, there is always something acceptable in evidence which proves that downright honesty still may exist in the profession of letters. What I most like about it all is Jasmin's optimistic content. His words exhaled a fine spirit, the quintessence of unspoiled delight in elemental life. One feels that here is a man physically and mentally healthy, sound to the middle core of his nature. He dates back a long way, it is true ; but with the cicada and the finch he joins himself on to all that is happy and unchangeable. We shall never be able to find onomatopoetic perfection of phrasing like this imitation of the grasshopper's cry, *zigo, zion, zion*, save in the unhindered expression of pure genius.

It might be hazardous to claim that genius is in its very nature necessarily a provincial product. Literary statistics, and the history of art as well, will show, however, that the greatest geniuses have been country bred. The few exceptions seem but to fix the rule. Life probably cannot be natural in the thick of urban experiences where artificial forces so largely prevail, and after

all there is something in getting close down to the primitive conceptions when art is to present what will appeal to the perfectly sound human heart.

The wholesome and natural artistic bent is found best developed in the rustic genius ; and when this bent has a way opened for it to the light of literary or artistic education, we see it evolve into a Shakspearcan force, the power of a Burns or the haunting lines and colors of a Millet. The Poes and Villons, the urban highest types of genius, to which belong the Verlaines and the Baudelaires, invariably voice a supremely artificial conception of life and its aspirations. Their flowers are flowers of evil ; their trees bear Sodom apples ; their birds sing dolorous songs, and the very air they breathe has a burden of sewer poison.

From the most ancient days down to the present time, true poetry of health and gladness has been a pastoral appurtenance, like a well-spring or a hillside bed of wild violets, or a thrush-song flung out of a haw thicket. A plowboy whistles for the same reason that a brook babbles. A provincial poet sings because he must, not with the deeply considered purpose of earning critical applause. By this test the expert literary chemist can easily detect the pure from the sophisticated honey of song.

Not that we must regard every plowboy who tries to write verse, or draw pictures, or model in clay, as a great genius ; for, in fact, just now, as Mr. Gladstone has been saying, the whole world seems to be making a dash at Parnassus, even Mr. Gladstone himself footing it featly and scrambling vigorously for the attention of the critics. And amid the throng at the gates of the magazines and before the publisher's portico there may not be a single Burns or one stable-boy Keats. Yet a fine interest attaches to any man's or woman's imaginative work when

it actually has the *zigo, ziou, ziou* in it, and the odorous delights of fields and woods.

Somehow, tousled and unevenly cut as the country Muse's hair nearly always is, the countenance under her sunburnt forelock radiates a fascinating beauty. Even after she has been tempted of the urban Devil and has gone up into a "great literary centre" to make cash contracts with editors and publishers, there still hangs about her brown limbs mysterious remnants of freedom's enchanted clothes.—

"She has the sweets of hay and dairy,
The lusciousness of peach and cherry,
Her eyes are like the bramble-berry."

Indeed, it is touchingly pathetic when a voice out of the city comes back to the quiet country haunts of the artist's childhood and youth. A whole history of disillusion and defeat burns in a stanza or is compressed into one distorted yet powerful picture. We find the clover fields all the sweeter and the wood shadows all the cooler after the cry of the poor wretch, who once upon a day went off from us to New York or Chicago or London, has reached us from the cramped attic high above the dingy street.

I know a fellow, a good fellow in every inch of his make-up, who was born a poet and bred a country gentleman. He had a fair estate with horses and kine and swine and sheep, and his home, which was spacious and simple, overlooked a little river winding through fertile lands, green with growing corn and grass in season. This good fellow had leisure, good health and a competent income. He wrote some poems of delicious freshness, of admirable freedom and of singular originality. His outlook was great, his promise most interesting, and he yet but twenty-two. Then came a "call from the city,"

and he fairly rushed into what he thought was the literary life. To-day the good fellow's estate belongs to a solid farmer and the good fellow is toiling at an assistant editor's desk for a salary which barely rents him a poor flat and stingily feeds and clothes his family. He never writes poetry now.

In one of Alphonse Daudet's *Lettres de Mon Moulin* there is a delightful sketch descriptive of how poetry took hold of a man, who went into the country to write a grave address, and how it mastered him. He was a *sous-préfet*, and when he came into the pleasant wood the birds wondered *quel est ce beau seigneur en culotte d'argent*; but he was grimly bent upon composing his great discourse. And yet the flowers and bird-song, the perfumes, the soft breeze and the cool shade took hold of him. An hour later his friends came to look for him and found him flat on the ground, his coat off, his shirt-collar open, chewing violets and furiously writing verse. He had forgotten all about his great speech! And, after we have thought it out to the bottom, do we not find this ability to forget our great speeches just what we must have in order to do the most memorable of literary acts?

I cannot understand why people generally connect country life with the figure of a bumpkin. From the time of Horace down to Tennyson, from Theocritus to Wordsworth, there have been princes of high culture who scarcely knew city life. Here in our own land a man like Nathaniel Hawthorne is no mere type. High thinking and the steady, perfect heat of creative work demand a certain insulation and at the same time a close connection with that mysterious storage-battery called Nature. It is all very well to say that the proper study of mankind is man; but the student who sets his mind exclusively to that study will probably be more like a

weak Pope than like a powerful Burns. Moreover the human nature one sees most of in the country is at first hand and genuine. Conventional masks fall off where the dew is pure on the weeds and hedges, and men and women look very much like Adams and Eves in negligé attire when you see them stripped to bucolic simplicity.

In the pride of my educational attainments I sometimes feel very superior; but I never go among the mountaineers of the south without once more discovering that the most illiterate man may be the shrewdest of thinkers and the best example of native genius. Over and over again the farmer, who has never read any book but the Bible, lets fall plump to the bottom of my understanding something new, suggestive and nutritious. I find him no mere hind with a vacant brain; he has observed; he has run up against curious facts and conditions and has reasoned about them; the great problem of life has presented to him phases that have afforded rare opportunity for original thought. He has brought a virile brain hard down upon every question presented to him. He is rough and crude, but he is genuine.

City minds in their insistent gregariousness tend to a single type. This is curiously observable in current literature. What one does they all do, and art has fashions as unreasonable as the kaleidoscopic styles in women's dress. The type specimen changes suddenly, and like a shift of the wind, urban taste veers, drawing the whole literary crowd along with it. Read one novel of the current fashion and you can safely write a review of all the rest without further trouble.

In the country literature is sporadic, not epidemic; each case has an independent pathology. Isolated and self-sufficient, the rural mind occupies a point of view from which it commands areas unfamiliar to conventional

vision; it sees things of rich interest which were long ago forgotten by the hurrying throng in the city. Philistine in disposition, mayhap orthodox in religion and certainly determined to take life seriously, the rustic man of letters is incorrigibly skeptical in the matter of newfangled art. He cannot see how Mr. Howells can carry Count Tolstoi on his back, and at the same time manage to write delicate little novels, in which a bloodless young man and an egregiously anemic young girl come very near doing something about which they hold long conversations and never mention it. In fact, deep breathing and plenty of fresh vegetables are essential to literary health.

The great bone of trouble is not whether realism or romance shall prevail; it is rather what is real and what romantic. Naturally the urban gang take kindly to intrigue and slippery morals, and therein find all that they deem worth realizing or idealizing. We country folk prefer pork chops and ten hours of innocent sleep, after which we come to our literary doings as vigorous as Pan at his best, and as fresh-hearted and sound-minded as natural processes of animal economy can render us. Our instincts are true and our criticism is safely human. In a word, city culture is of but one species, while rural culture shows just as many genera as there are individuals. It would be right difficult to propagate a rustic fad among country folk.

It is lamentably true that the young man or young woman going up into the great city from the green bosage and open fields is bound to become ultra urban in a short time. The first false step must inevitably lead to ruin; but what a dash of sweet dew and what a gust of mint and thyme the sacrifice affords, and how the greedy tongues of the town do lap it all up! Then presently everybody wonders why Sally Peachbloom and Theo-

philus Plumpurple have suddenly ceased to write in that charming pastoral vein.

Ah, there is no "return to Nature;" the only success is to stay with her when you are there and hold to every gift she hands you. A wise Cracker on the banks of the Sattilla once said to me: "Hit air tol'ble dern hoss-sense ter stick fast onter a sho' thing." Your bucolic swain and rustic lass have the sure thing well gripped; let them hold on, *zigo, ziou, ziou*.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

HAUNTED

WIDE echoing emptiness, and wind-blown space;
Worn thresholds, over which gay troops of
Dreams

Fled, laughing back, to mock the vacant place;

So stands my heart's-house while the darkness teems.

Night is far spent: Joy's pink wreath faded lies

Brown on the stone-cold floor: A poppy bloom

Wild Passion dropped, I hold to lidded eyes:

'T were time the last guest left the darkening room.

All of my heart's-house tenants long since fled —

Why should that one pale ghost-guest, Memory,

Where Love's last little fire dies, dull and red,

Still sit and gaze across the coals at me?

LULAH RAGSDALE.





MICHEL OF THE QUAIS

HIS first memory was of a sunny October day when he opened his baby eyes on a world of grey parapets and dingy books.

The towers of Notre Dame loomed squarely out of the mist away below. The long Louvre gave evidence of past grandeurs in its solid outlines and magnificent architecture.

There was an odour of bilge water and fresh violets; bilge water from little passing steamboats with their load of pleasure seekers; violets from the flower cart of the flower merchant stationed at the corner.

Michel was rolled up tight in a bundle of woolen and linen. His mother had gone in search of a *mazagran* and a biscuit. A *mazagran* is hot coffee in a glass, with a spoon, at thirty centimes. In a cup it costs half a franc. The biscuits are little breads, two for a sou. A glass of red wine and a morsel of gruyere would complete her midday repast. Then back she would speed to a low chair, set against her portion of the Quai, and knit for dear life on little clothes for her Michel, while he slept, or woke and crowed.

Michel had every inducement from the first to pursue a literary career.

"Paris à Travers les Siècles," five volumes of it, done up in a magnificent binding, albeit somewhat worn at the edges, lay along next to him; and old-book hunters fingered the leaves of his neighbours, and talked of the culture of the past as opposed to the cults of the present endlessly and daily in his presence. They would lounge against the Quais for whole hours solely for that purpose.

As the summer days advanced Michel learned to creep

along the edges of the Quais so fast, a quaint enough little bundle with his toss of thick black hair and jetty eyes at one end, and the two chubby little legs and feet at the other, that Mère Michel was obliged to tie him to the case which held her largest possession of old books when she ran across the street for her meals.

Marie, of the *kiosque*, brought him little breads to suck, and in winter, old François at the corner, he of the iron house which created such miraculously hot chestnuts, plied him with these toothsome nuts until his baby stomach cried *peccavi*, and Mère Michel threatened to move away.

He was the pet of the Quais. At two years of age he could walk, with the aid of François' dingy shoulders, along the Quai, from the Pont Royale to the statue Henri Quatre, and from there to the Ile St. Louis.

He skirted the borders of historic Paris. He knew the exterior of the Conciergerie at two years as well as Marie Antoinette knew the interior in two weeks. He could say Palais de Justice before he could pronounce *mère*, and he was a creeping historian before he was three years old; for what he did not know he imagined; and what he imagined was fashioned from pieces of discourse, which the priests, in their search for Cardinals' memoirs, or deputies, in their fumbling after old law books, or ardent young artists, in their fiery arguments over new schools, lolling against the old Quais while undergoing their discussions and disputes, taught him.

In those days Michel had no particular opinion of his own, but he had a little landscape in his mind which grew as he grew, and strengthened as he strengthened. It was the landscape of his youth. We all have our own; and we each of us consider ours sweeter than any other.

Years afterwards he used to look back on it all. Instead of remembering, as some people might, his grandfather's library, or his aunt's meadow, or a little old hut in a valley, or a cottage beside a stream, Michel remembered the Quais. Just the grey Quais, with their long line of books, and their poring picturesque readers, old and young, and middle aged, destitute and prosperous; a nun from a neighbouring convent; a butcher boy with his basket slung on his arm, on his way to market or to deliver his orders; a grey-haired père, in a soft felt hat and a soutane to his ankles, reading his matins as he passed soberly along; bands of students, all long-haired, carrying bundles of books, or wet canvasses, or charcoal drawings in a big flat case.

That was Michel's youth background, his memory of baby days.

He loved the Quais. He more and more hated the little dim, dark hole, where Mère Michel carried him to sleep at night. Winter days ultimately, therefore, he would be bundled into the kiosque, from where Marie, the bookseller's daughter of across the street, sold newspapers. They all humoured him, as a *type*, for they thought it so odd that a *gars*, a mere baby boy, should show such a love for the Quais.

As Michel grew older the Quais took on a new interest for him. He learned, from the books which peopled them, and the people who bought the books, of the time when great ladies and their escorts had passed that way, and the gloomy buildings of old Paris had been gay palaces which housed royalties. He read of love affairs, when the Quais were used as a Lovers' Lane, and the books were a very small chapter of Love's dictionary.

He studied law from arguing deputies who would wait on their way to and from the Chamber, and have their

dispute out where the air was sweet and traffic was less noisy, unmindful of the lad, who with earnest, intent eyes, would be dusting his books and taking stock of their idiosyncrasies.

He knew the little fads of the new poets who claimed there was no longer any literature in France, that the flower of French wit had departed with the empire like the grace of a day that was dead.

He heard old artists discuss new schools and new progress; and young ones eagerly refute the old with the maxim, "Why stay behind? Make new issues."

He heard enough histories of new Paris before he was twelve years of age to fill a large volume.

He used, wearied in his boyish mind finally, to fashion a fishing-rod out of a tree branch stolen from a drooping linden; and hie him off to the Quai Bourbon on the end of the Ile St. Louis; and fish, for dear life, for fish he never caught; while he settled questions in his boyish brain, or drew conclusions from his boyish inexperience.

An old priest, who lived on the Ile St. Louis, taught him to read, mornings when he lounged along the Quais, and after he had mastered reading and writing, he plunged into books, like a hare into a thicket with the hounds at his heels.

His "hounds" were lack of time, and the fear of Mère Michel's scolding at his "idleness," or Marie's laughter and eternal jokes over his "bookwormishness," or François' resigned lifting of his bushy eyebrows over the lad's "uselessness."

Gradually, however, they grew to learn his intrinsic worth. He could tell to a die in just what century the Du Barry lived. He could rattle off Condé's victories, and Robespierre's exaggerations — that is what Michel

called them, being very soft-spoken — and stories of Molière's wit, and Mazarin's influence, and Richelieu's diplomacy, as if he had taken afternoon tea with them them all the day before, and had just arrived as their personal interpreter, cocked and primed solely with what they had commissioned him to say.

France! Why, he knew France from beginning to end. Before he was twenty he understood Paris as well as his old books, and loved it accordingly,

He rolled its talent under his tongue like a toothsome morsel. Its vice he passed lightly over. That was "not his affair," he said; "one must live and let live." Its art he adored. Its possibilities he never tired of lauding; and he considered anything less than Paris a howling wilderness, wherein nothing but hitherto unheard-of cattle browsed and savages speared one another with and without cause.

Paris was to him the land of books, the land of history, the land of love, the land of music, the land of cloister and empire, of commune and republic, the land where intellects bloomed right royally and insignificance was unknown.

This was a perfectly natural consummation. Michel lived on, and for, and off the Quais. He dined there, and he wineed there, off books, and of books. He felt as though he knew all the past great ones intimately. He talked of them all, untiringly; possessively in fact.

Michel married François' daughter, more because she understood him, and sympathized with him, than for any other special cause, except mutual affection — and her dot.

She was awe-stricken that a man of Michel's prominence, so "up" in literature, so intimate with great thoughts and great books, should have noticed her in her humble version of life — selling chestnuts when her

father felt the rheumatism attack his old bones too forcibly to dare to expose himself to the winter wind along the river.

But when she told Michel of her humble self-contempt he reassured her for all time.

"My child," he said, "there is no greater translation of life than duty. You are selling your father's chestnuts. I am selling my mother's books. We can do no more. Our calling may be humble, but if the spirit in which we perform it is heroic, who can demand more of us? In the performance of your duty you can eat now and then a chestnut, or I can read a book. We make out of our opportunity not only a living but a joyful enterprise."

Michel knew next to nothing of new Paris — Paris of the theatres and the boulevards, Paris of new art, Paris of finance and intrigues, of sensations and emotions, and shades of enjoyment; a-tilt with slang and the cosmopolitanism taught it by passing foreigners, and caught and fixed against its possibilities, and attuned to its own needs.

His theatre was his reading of old Molière. He knew *Tartuffe* and *Sganarelle* as well as he knew the gleam of his wife's black eyes, or the brawn in his boy's sturdy, active limbs. He had read the classics, Racine and Corneille, and he hated new schools.

Sundays he was highly contented strolling with his family on the Ile St. Louis, recounting to them the story of Dante's coming to the College of France, how one day the Ile St. Louis being then a meadow where the cattle grazed apart from the Ile du Cité — for it was only in the reign of Louis XIII. that the Pont Marie was erected to connect the two islands — how one day Dante strolled forth and asked to be ferried across the little nar-

row strip of Seine which ran between the two islands. And how in the crossing he fell in love with the ferry-man's daughter !

He finally wrote a book on the history of the Quais which was easy reading and brought him in a little sum; after that his fame was made and localized.

Many a great personage came from nobody knew where to converse with this simple little man, who was considered a philosopher in his line.

He knew the intrinsic worth of any book. He understood all the tricks of the trade. He worshipped authors and despised reviewers. He talked from the standpoint of a man who knew his ground and held it.

Old books had by this time become one of the fads in Paris. A clever writer strolling along the Quais, had fallen in with Michel, and together they had become enthusiastic over this free air library cast to windward, that any man, or bird, or beast might read. A vagabond litterateur with a vagabond love of books was a new type for this clever young journalist. He wrote a striking paper about it which made the Quais blossom into vastly more striking pre-eminence than they had ever attained by their modest hints for passers-by to pay passers-by prices.

What the journalist found in Michel was a soul unaffected by any tradition, uninfluenced by any comparison, untouched by any love more sordid than the love of books for the ideas they contained.

For Michel had broadened unconsciously with his neighbourhood. Not the neighbourhood of the grey Quais split apart by the steel-coloured water flowing between with its vari-coloured burden of boats, but the neighbourhood of great men's thoughts.

Strangely enough this progeny of a blanchisseuse by

a butcher, had culled the wheat of good literature from the chaff of bad writing with as keen an insistence, with as artistic a touch as if he had been born a dilettante, and created an Academician.

His opinions were concise and crisply delivered, his criticism worth while because unexpectant of remuneration and indifferent of their hearers approval. He was an epicure and fashioned his own sauces for his own dishes that all the world might profit by them or not—as it willed.

"The Academy," he would say to a circle of friends, "*that* for the Academy," snapping his fingers, contemptuously. "Its god is form. Let it crash, and flash and scintillate with new *ideas worth bearing* instead of rehashing, and emotionizing over analysis written to sell. You can count the original ideas of the past century on your eight fingers?"

And then he would rattle them off with bewildering rapidity. He defined love as a supreme force which men had vandalized in mentioning. He claimed that the modern writer coarse-fingered anything he touched with the smear of his individual version of things. "Men are not content," he said, "to photograph each other. They must fine-chisel, and etch, and engrave the solid forces in order to better air their own prejudices in regard to them."

He would always finish with a threatening arm shaken at the Institute of France.

He sold the new literature as fast as it could be acquired for him at low prices from discouraged publishers; but he never liked it. He called it vandalism. To be sure there were some writers he approved of, but he kept that to himself, while watching their new endeavors with breathless interest, like a mother culling

from war news her son's miraculous escape from the enemy, rising into ecstatic exclamation if it gave evidence of a high ideal on the increase, but more often wiping a furtive tear from his eyes when he saw them verging toward what he called, the "illegitimate school."

"It's the Paris of to-day," his auditors would claim, noisily, when he would burst out now and then with a protest. But Michel would check them with a gesture which was not lacking in simple dignity.

"The Paris of to-day," he would storm, "the Paris of to-day. Was there ever a day when France was so rich in intelligence as now; so prolific with brain matter and brain power? What use does she make of it? None. She embroiders her own fatuity about her own faults, and revels over the disclosures of her disease. Give me a clean wound, not a festering sore, a rough sketch of a great and vital subject, not a finished masterpiece of an unworthy detail."

"But idealists are only half-fed," they would cry, these young disciples, crowding around him; for they had grown to know him and his insistent charm, his chaste demand for integrity in literature, his worthy rejection of the spurious.

"Pah," he would retort, bitterly, "men starved in a garret in the old days, rather than renounce one tithe of what they believed. Where are such men to-day?"

His dearest friend was a young poet, a lad from Provence, who carried on the wing of his exquisite fancy a genius incarnate. There was no absinthe alongside of his version of things, nor carnalism, nor the evidence of things seen and abused. There was a sunshine in his verse, as sweet and fair and radiant as the sunshine which greened the blades of grass along the riverside at Suresnes in springtime.

Michel nursed this talent from swaddling clothes until it crept; from creeping until it gained its poise; from poise to the flaming glory of God-given force and well-guided power.

But the poet fell in with companions who mocked at his dreams, and who drew him within the line of their own feverishness, who threatened to undermine the solid foundation which Michel had laid with such care, and watched over with so tender and wise a scrutiny.

One day a party of students were carousing in a cabaret at Bas Meudon, that resort of the Paris bourgeois who goes "a-Sundaying in summer," where the little cafés wave from May until October with the red, white and blue flags of France, and the wooden horses race madly about the grinding organ tuned to their antics.

The young poet had been carousing for a week with wild companions; students from the Beaux Arts, journalists on a fling; a knot of the wild young spirits which infest Paris and invest it with its odour of art misunderstood.

The boy was very weary.

As he leaned back among the branches of a syringa tree, which leant its fragrance and bent its branches across the table where they sat drinking beer and eating bread and cheese, a bird flew across the blue, and struck his fancy like a blow.

He rose to his feet suddenly, and shook himself.

"I am going back," he explained, sharply, to his mocking companions. "I am going back to Paris. I'll take that boat there. I promised Michel a song before nightfall to-day. I've got it in my head."

"Write it here," they demanded, curiously, handing him a sheet of paper and a pencil.

But he pushed them away. "Let me go," he muttered, "I can't write it in this place."

He swung down the path to the river and boarded one of the little steamers for Quai Voltaire.

Michel was reading Renan's *Life of Christ*, with his head in its brown beret, brightened into a touch of burnt sienna by the rays of the late afternoon sun.

The brown velveteen coat was frayed at the edges, and the peach-like cheeks made the poet think of a Rubens he had seen in a gallery at Amsterdam. Swinging himself lightly over the parapet, for he could not wait to go up the steps, he laid his hand on Michel's shoulder.

"Let me stay here with you," he asked simply, "I have better thoughts here. My mind is clearer. Do you know, old friend, we learn more and deeper of books than from men?"

Michel lifted his head, quietly.

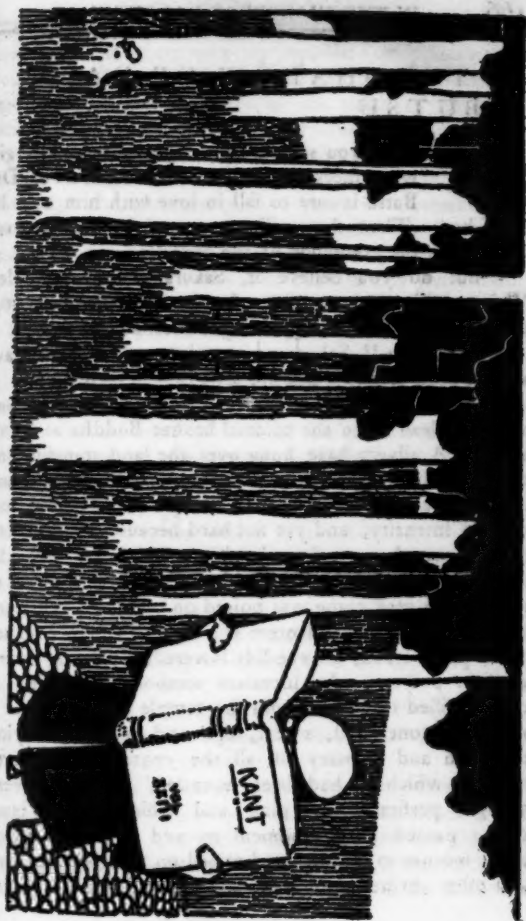
In his soul he recognized he had rescued a brand from the burning.

But all he said was, "There are men and books. One rarely tires of books."

JENNIE BULLARD WATERBURY.



THE ENCHANTED WOOD



WILLIAM B. FELL

IN THE SHADOW OF DAI
BUTSU

“**A**ND so you see, as the legend runs, any girl who meets a man in the shadow of Dai Butsu is sure to fall in love with him and he with her. Then they will marry and live happy ever after under the protection of the gods.”

“But do you believe it, Sakura?” asked Helen Waite, with an incredulous laugh. “You were the most romantic little thing, though, even at Vassar.”

“Of course,” Sakura answered, gently, “we have always been taught it and we always believe it.”

The two girls were sitting on the long flight of stone steps that lead up to the colossal bronze Buddha at Kamakura. A silvery haze hung over the land transforming distant realities into vague possibilities. Purple sea and purple sky were one lovely sweep of color, almost hard in intensity, and yet not hard because of the silvery light; over the sea floated white-sailed boats, over the sky drifted soft flecks of clouds. Asleep at the foot of the steps, a grey crane was poised on one foot and leaning against a tall stone lantern at a little distance, a white-robed priest stood, his eye-lids lowered, his hands folded as if in prayer. An incessant somnolent chirping or crickets filled the air. From the temple near by came a soft silver-toned bell, sweet, high and clear, embodying the hush and mystery of all the centuries of prayer through which it had been sounded. A soft breeze brought perfume from pink and white cherry blossoms, paused for a moment to add whiffs of Buddha's incense to its store and passed on to other blossoms and other shrines in this land of gods and flowers. Over

all towered Dai Butsu with his beautiful Greek face ; the eyes covered by heavy lids that for centuries had shut out the restless world and shut in the peace of Nirvana, serene lips smiling eternally, but looking almost as if they might open in benediction, the whole figure expressing a majestic, perfect peace won through absolute knowledge and absolute truth, eternal, omnipresent and immutable. The slowly sinking afternoon sun threw the shadow of the giant god ever further and further across the stone-paved court and out over the soft green land.

Sakura Shugio and Helen Waite had been classmates at Vassar and now Helen was paying a visit to Sakura's Japanese home. The two girls had spent the morning on Enoshima's green hillsides and on the way home had been attracted by the cool deep shadow of Dai Butsu. Sakura was reminded of the shadow legend and told her friend the old-folk tale. Helen's visit had been one long series of surprises from the moment she arrived and found Sakura garbed in her soft graceful kimona. Now she looked at her friend in astonishment. Had all the years of school and college life in America failed to dispel these childish ideas and beliefs ? It was impossible. She surely could not mean that she really did believe them—did believe in the power for good or evil of the great bronze image stretching its jewel-crowned head toward the purple sky.

"What would Professor Bratlin say ?" she asked, gaily, "if he could hear you, his favorite of all the class in logic, talking in this way ?"

Sakura looked at her seriously. "It was all so different over there, Nelsie dear. I went over when I was such a little girl, you know, and of course the things I learned seemed the real things, but when I came home I knew all this. I did n't need to learn it, to study it. It was just a part of me."

"You mean the religion, dear?" Helen asked, sobered by the quiet hushed tone in which Sakura spoke. "Of course you believe *that*, but I mean these old fairy stories and superstitions."

"But they are not fairy stories, not superstitions," Sakura began eagerly, and then hesitated. There was a short silence, then she added more lightly: "I wish I could see Professor Bratlin again, and all of them."

"Well, you can," Helen said, "come home with me. Would n't you like to live in America?"

A faint blush tinged Sakura's ivory face, and Helen remembered that once before when she had spoken to Sakura about living in America, the same delicate color had appeared for an instant on the slender throat and pale cheeks of her friend. Before Sakura had answered, quick footsteps were heard on the paved walk, and both girls rose to their feet. They presented a striking contrast; Helen in her stiff tailor skirt, starched shirt waist and round sailor hat; Sakura in a soft grey kimono with a delicate obi folded round her slender waist. She looked like any other high-class Japanese woman, except that her hair was wound in the soft loose knot which she had worn in her college days. The steps came nearer, and soon they saw a tall young man in the undress uniform of the United States navy.

"Ah, Miss Shugio," he exclaimed, "I have been looking all over the place for you. Your kuramaya told me you were here."

"Yes, we are waiting for the sun to set so that we would n't be roasted going home. Miss Waite let me present Lieutenant Osgood. I told you that Helen coming, don't you remember?"

"Remember!" laughed Osgood. "I can assure you, Miss Waite, that we have heard of nothing but your

coming for the last three months; ever since Miss Shugio received your letter, in fact."

The shadow of Dai Butsu was not responsible for the fact that Osgood found Helen beautiful, because she was beautiful in all lights and shades; nor was it responsible for the fact that she liked him at once, liked his frank, open face, quick, ready smile and charming friendly manners, manners taught at Annapolis with the rest of a seaman's training. But the shadow was responsible for the pallor that crept into Sakura's face, changing its ivory clearness to the dead white of the lotus blossom, while the sensitive lips grew tighter and drooped at the corners and the shadow itself entered the dark eyes and took up its abode there, so that thenceforth all the world was tinged with it. For the god had spoken. These two, the man she had loved for a year and the friend she had loved for many years had met in the shadow of the shrine, and Sakura knew that the god would work his will.

Helen Waite had always lived in Navy circles, and Osgood had many questions to ask about home friends, so they talked gaily almost unmindful of the gentle grey-gowned girl by their side.

"Oh, Sakurasan," Osgood turned toward her at last, "I never saw your blossoms as beautiful as they are this year." Turning to Helen he added. "She has been so worried about the cherry blossoms. Afraid that you would be too late for them, afraid that they would not be as fine as usual this year, and I do n't know what else beside. You know she is named for the cherry blossoms."

"Yes, I know, we called her 'Cherry Blossoms' at Vassar. And I have come this month just to see them. They are the most exquisite things I have ever

seen. I don't wonder, either, that she used to scoff at ours. When the cherry trees on the college farm were in blossom we had fêtes for her and hung verses on the trees more in honor of her than of the cherries, but she was very scornful of our flowers, and we thought that her tales of the 'Trees at Home' were merely pictures drawn by a fertile imagination."

"But Sakurasan ought to have remembered that our trees had fruit! Osgood exclaimed: "I suppose when the blossoms gave place to that she was not so scornful."

Sakura had been silent, a wan little smile parting the mournful lips when Osgood spoke to her. "Yes," she said, "mine are the blossoming cherry trees. I did not know then that they were ill-omened, that they signified unfulfilled promise and blight."

The sun had set; the shadow had died away everywhere except from the eyes and heart of Sakurasan. They turned to leave the place, Osgood and Helen still talking gaily and enthusiastically. Sakura raised her eyes to the placid bronze face. "Namu, Amida, Dai Butsu." It was not a prayer, as she said it — only an acceptance of the god's will.

"You will come up for tiffin to-morrow?" she said, as Osgood put her carefully into her jinricksha. "I shall be very glad if you will."

When the fairies gather at the birth of a little Japanese girl, bringing their gifts of earth-needs, earth-griefs and joys, earth-attributes and powers, the largest gift of all is resignation; not hard and bitter resignation, but a gentle, sweet recognition and acceptance of the shadows thrown by the sun and the lesser ones made by the moon.

That night Sakura was quieter than usual, but Helen noticed no other change. She was tired with the long day spent in the open air and was quite content to sit in

silence. The garden was shaded by old maple trees. Fireflies gleamed here and there and the moonlight shone through the quivering leaves into the room where the girls sat, Helen in a low chair and Sakura on the ground at her side. A samisen lay on the floor near her.

"Why do n't you play, Sakurasan," Helen murmured drowsily. "Sakurasan. How much prettier your San is than Miss I thought to-day how charming it was when Mr. Osgood spoke to you. Helensan, Waitesan. It would be absurd, would n't it?"

The voice died away, and Helen's dream led her back to the stone steps at Kamakura. Sakura's thoughts were there too. Bitter questions filled her mind, and for a little while her American teaching rose up to combat her Japanese beliefs. Was she not as free tonight to love Osgood, to win his love, as she had been that morning? No, no, a thousand times *no*. Osgood was already bound to Helen by the strongest of ties—the will of Buddha. But Helen did not recognize that bond. It was nothing to her, she reasoned; nothing to Osgood. But it was for that reason that Buddha had spoken to her, Sakura. She must aid him and bring about the fulfillment of his will. Again she murmured, "Namu, Amida, Dai Butsu," and this time her prayer expressed itself in words. She prayed for forgiveness for her rebellion against the divine power, for strength to carry out the divine will, and finally for the love and protection of Buddha. For foreign training had placed in her mind the expression of prayer when it had filled her heart with the power of passionate love.

The engagement had been announced and Helen was going home on the "Oceanic." Osgood was going by the same boat. Sakurasan bade them good bye and

gave them God-speed with the same gentle cheerfulness that had marked her bearing for so many weeks. When they had gone she sent for her kuramaya and ordered him to take her to Kamakura — to Dai Butsu.

The afternoon sun beat on her uncovered head. She was worn out in body and soul. At the entrance to the temple grounds she stepped wearily down from her jinricksha. "Wait, Matte," she said to the old serving man who had brought her out.

He drew the dainty little carriage close to the low stone wall and stretched himself out in the shade. Soon he was peacefully sleeping.

Sakura walked slowly up between the stately rows of trees leading to Dai Butsu's shrine. In the court the same grey crane slept peacefully, the same priest murmured his prayers in the same attitude. Apparently he had not moved for three months. Sakura looked at him, wondering vaguely if he were alive, or if his monotonous prayerful life had turned him into stone, there at Buddha's feet. The heat rose in shimmering waves of light from the hot, wet country round about, and the cricket's monotonous song seemed to beat in unison with the waves of light. Everywhere was rasping, nervous sound, everywhere was intense burning light; only in the shadow of the great image was there rest, rest from the heat and light, and that in itself gave relief from the strident inharmonious note of the cicada.

Sakura sat for a long time on the steps. No definite thoughts passed through her mind; scraps of remembered conversations, vague, indistinct pictures of Helen and Osgood, fleeting, fading photographs of scenes that had passed before her eyes during the last three months, impressionist sketches of things that were to come; Helen as she had looked the day she met Osgood there

on those very steps ; Helen as she would look as Osgood's bride. Occasionally she drew her hand across her eyes as though she would shut out an unwelcome sight, but there was no life, no living emotion in her face. But suddenly a great wave of feeling swept over her features, swayed and shook her slender body. She flung herself face downward on the stone steps, and, with a flood of bitter tears and broken, passionate sobs, gave way to the grief and agony that had been consuming her life for three weary months.

And Buddha towering up into the blue dome of heaven still smiled serenely and peacefully in the fading afternoon sunlight. What was one broken human heart in the passing of centuries ? What were two glad human hearts beginning their life-journey together ?

The sun sank lower and lower. Golden and crimson bars shot up to the zenith, a golden haze enveloped the land. The light lingered caressingly for a moment on Buddha's head and then the flaming ball dropped out of sight and all shadows disappeared.

But the slender grey figure still lay on the stone steps, lay there while darkness fell over the land. The young moon that had followed the sun across the blue sky like a small white cloud brightened into gold and threw vague illusive shadows of its own. And in this moonshine of Dai Butsu, they found Sakurasan.

KATHRYN JARBOE.





DRAWN BY HORACE T. CARPENTER.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF ACTING IN AMERICA.

ONE by one the actors of the old school are dying off. For years to come wild-eyed leading men will play the sanctified hero in Sutton Vane melodrama; but for the most part they will keep away from the town along with the companies performing *East Lynne* and *A Bunch of Keys*. They may occasionally bob up in the cities, but they will be greeted with jeers from even the most ignorant of reporters. The millennium of sane play-acting is begun. The younger actors want sanity in their art, the public intuitively feels that it wants it as well, and even some of the managers have begun to rub their eyes and wonder whether or not they want it too.

We of to-day do not know how much of a change in dramatic art these things mean. In the first place, there is no adequate history of the stage. If you unearth no record that "Mrs. Cibber played behind oil footlights," it is because anybody who lived within twenty-five years or fifty years of Mrs. Cibber had never heard of gas footlights, and assumed they were oil. Just so, if the critic of that age is not on record setting down the performances of inferior players as artificial, or grandiloquent, or bombastic, or ranting, then we are fair in supposing he possibly never thought of such a thing as stage naturalness and sanity. He could see those at his home and in his type-shop; why go to a theatre to see them? What was wanted was diversion; and if the mummers didn't mum so you could hear them over the greater part of London, the jaded public was cheated of its fee. One old fellow declares David Garrick was "natural, easy and engaging," but his notion of what was "nat-

ural" may well have been at odds with ours. We really do not know what sort of things fascinated the early-day audience, well-bred or ill. We have no means of learning; and yearn as the struggling tragedian may to get close to Garrick and Keene and Barry, and commune with them as he does with Shakespeare, he is baffled. What was Garrick; merely the champion ranter of his time, or a discriminating artist, who read aright the advice to the players in *Hamlet*, and followed it with discretion?

There is a certain sort of evidence which may be taken as indicating the less favorable view. Till this polytechnic decade there was no school of blacksmithing. There was an "apostolic succession from Vulcan. The apprentice learned his trade of the master, and in turn taught it to another apprentice. Until schools of acting were set up, stage playing was learned in the same way, so that there is some historical value in the fact, not disputed I take it, that till within the last twenty years the most eminent tragedians and comedians of England and America, if not, in a measure, even of France and Italy, have stalked upon the stage with the same puffed-up spirit that animates the school-boy when he declaims, "The boy stood on the burning deck, whence all but he had fled," and feels "sassy" because he doesn't have to parse "he." This would seem to mean that dramatic stilts have come down to us from early days, strapped to the apprentice by the master and passed on by the apprentice in turn to his successor. Osric was up in Laertes, ready to slip into his place when the other fellow fell ill or drunk, and Laertes burnt candles o' nights learning to do *Hamlet* as his chief did it. It might not be the best way, but it was what the manager wanted, and that was all there was to it. Thus we got our act-

ing. It was a matter of tradition, and there was never in the world a stiffer-necked synod of conservatives than the Classis of stageland.

In our time we have seen some absorbingly interesting developments. Fifteen years ago Clara Morris was deemed one of most powerful emotional actresses in the world, and throngs huddled in to view her *Camille*. A year ago she played for a week in Boston, including a Christmas matinee, and people fell over one another and nearly dropped their leathern hand-bags in their frantic eagerness to keep away. This season Miss Morris has arranged a tour of one-night stands. What makes the difference? Miss Morris is not old—under fifty—and has stood it all amazingly well, for she never had any nerves. Why has she lost the favor of the public? It is simply that fifteen years ago people liked the actor to hew a path to the heart with an axe. Now they want him to titillate the senses with an atomizer. The playgoer has turned from the violent to the subtle, and woe is to the player that did not see the change in time and mend his ways. As the venerable Tilton once said to a group of croaking old-timers, "You fellows have kept on wearing wigs so thick and long you could make six modern wigs out of one of them. Why, boys, I burnt a trunkful of wigs ten years ago and started out fresh." It is to be doubted that Edwin Forrest would have gone on achieving the triumphs his name suggests if he had lived into these years and not begun to learn the power of minute detail and quiet methods.

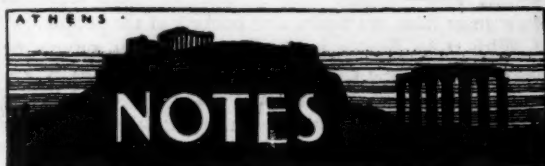
How is it with the others? How about Edwin Booth? Just this: that there are those who remember the night when Edwin Booth was as noisy a bombast as the sturdiest of them; but he was a student of audiences, and when fine symbolism began making more telling points

than coarse, Edwin Booth's playing waxed finer. Joseph Jefferson requires the auditorium to be lighted brightly enough for him to peer into scores of countenances. When, in the first act of *Rip Van Winkle* the good wife is entreating Rip to leave off drinking, he takes her in his arms and promises to try. Standing near the foot-lights, he embraces her so it can be seen he is giving her gentle love-pats on the shoulder. She says, "I could live forever." Sharp on that word "forever," Rip's hand stops in the air just in the act of patting. Mr. Jefferson's tiny eyes dance over the house. There he holds the hand till the audience has taken the point. The play does n't go on till they do take it. Does anybody suppose Mr. Jefferson did that twenty-five years ago? But he watched his audiences from the beginning. Frank Mayo started off jagged-edged, but his *Puddin' Head Wilson* was as natural and unaffected a piece of acting as ever was offered in this country. Those of the older actors who are still with us have kept pace with the years. Otherwise they would have been left behind.

Now glance at the new. Perhaps it were better not to name any names, but to run over for ourself a list of the young men and women one saw play last season. Do they not naturally fall into classes? And do you notice how many of the natural school rise readily to the tongue, as compared with the two or three balloons and tread mills still exhibited in first rate theatres? Now and then you encounter in one of the companies supporting a new-style "star" some funereal gentleman left over from the old school, who, like the crab, has walked backward with his face turned away from his audience. He is very useful sometimes, for his experience, presence of mind and mastery of a hundred parts; but when he pompously declaims his trivial line as if he were invoking

the curse of Rome, he jars on the sensitive ear. There can be no manner of doubt that rampant fustian is gasping in its melodramatic death-throes, and it seems at present impossible that public taste will ever revive it. Dramatic art, to be respectable, must henceforth be a convincing illusion, not a mask with cracks in it through which you can see the actor perspire.

FRANK W. NOXON.



AN ENEMY TO THE KING (AND ALSO TO THE DRAMA)—
THE PLAY PROOF-ACTOR.

I HAVE heard of actor-proof rôles, *i. e.*, parts so good that no actor, no matter how bad, could absolutely fail in them. I have come to the conclusion that there are also play-proof actors; and it is Mr. Sothorn who has persuaded me to this belief. He has had more personal success with worthless comedies than any other two actors on our stage. Mr. Richard Mansfield has produced quite as many bad plays, but he has had nothing like the same success with them. He conceals each new one as well as he can in his repertoire, and after a time, when no one is looking (a very small "house" indeed, that must be), he drops it—altogether. When a poor play is new, Mr. Mansfield, as a rule, plays it only once or twice a week. Mr. Sothorn, on the other hand, will play his a whole season, six nights a week and

two matinees—with an extra matinee, now and then to accommodate the young ladies who have n't been "taken" to one of the evening performances.

It is largely Mansfield's own fault (and greatly a matter of congratulation for us) that he is not so much a play-proof actor as Sothern. The former is undoubtedly the bigger actor of the two. Sothern has magnetism, but Mansfield has genius. Both have imagination, but where Sothern has talent and patience, Mansfield has instinct and—temper. As a result, Sothern seems to draw most from the hearts and pockets of the people.

With "An Enemy to the King" all this autumn he has been filling the Lyceum Theatre in New York. Yet so unsatisfactory is the play, as a play, that beside other alterations I hear there have been at least three different second acts tried. I don't know which of the three it was I saw, but I strongly advise the management to use one of the other two.

It is not difficult to imagine how this play came into existence. Mr. Sothern had made a great success in "The Prisoner of Zenda." "We must have another Prisoner of Zenda," said Mr. Daniel Frohman, as he counted up the receipts. "I must have another Prisoner of Zenda," echoed Mr. Sothern, as he deposited his percentage. "The public want Romantic Drama," both decide. This because one of the best advertised books of the moment had been cleverly turned into a play. Had the play not been the child of its father it is very doubtful how much of its success it would have enjoyed; probably *half*, because it isn't really a bad play, and Sothern was very fine in it, and besides, as I said, Sothern is a play-proof actor.

So for this winter from the young author was ordered costumes, situations, romance. And the order has been

filled. More has been added, an interesting entourage, some poetry (in sentiment, I do not mean in verse), an ill-defined historical background, and a really strong good dramatic last act. That last act is the play's death-bed repentance. It saves it. The first three are diffuse and confusing. The dialogue is not dramatic, nor sincere, nor good. All the supporting characters are mere names, and dull names at that. Mr. Sothern should never have produced this play till Mr. Stephens had written a beginning equal to the end. In this way he would have helped Mr. Stephens to make a record instead of a mistake. Instead of this the actor did all that he could (profiting undoubtedly by his former experiences) to prop up the faults of construction with his own powers of drawing, to cover the defects of the action with his own charm of appearance (not that he would put it this way, for Sothern is not by any means a conceited man, rather one of the most modest actors on the stage, with the greatest excuse to be otherwise) and to conceal the flaws of the dialogue with his own personal magnetism. He filled the play with beautiful scenery, but alas, the scenery came through the sieve. And not even the attention to detail which marked the careful stage management of the piece could stop up the holes of the story. Mr. Stephens has given one strong real act for a play, but otherwise I do not see any particular promise of a dramatist in him. His written action does not compare with Mr. Gilbert Parker's in the latter's less fortunate drama.

I do not doubt Mr. Sothern would have turned people away in "The Seats of the Mighty" before the curtain went up, instead of during the performance, as Mr. Tree did. Why, Mr. Sothern can even draw with Jerome K. Jerome!! Though nobody in England will believe it.



FEAR

DRAWN BY GEORGES D'ESPAGNAT
FROM L'YMAIER

THE TEACHING OF JOURNALISM.

¶The University of Chicago, under the impression that journalism can be taught like law or medicine, and being in some doubt as to how to set about the business, has turned in its perplexity to the heads of the profession for advice and instruction. In an open letter to the editors of some of our leading newspapers, it has fired off a volley of explosive conundrums. Should a journalist, it asks, have a college education or 's a high school education sufficient? Which is of most value — the amount of knowledge gained in school, or the discipline and control of the mind? Is it better for a student to begin the study of journalism before or after twenty years of age? What is the value of Greek in a journalist's training, of French, of Latin, of German, of mathematics, of chemistry, of biology, of history, of English? If a student of journalism cannot go to college, ought he to study political economy, psychology, ethics or moral philosophy in a high school?

¶To these questions the able editors have returned an astonishing variety of replies, agreeing apparently only on this point — about which no information was asked — that it is impossible to teach journalism by any college curriculum. The best paper in America, the *New York Evening Post*, does "not believe Latin, Greek, or French, or German, or mathematics, or chemistry, or biology, or history is of any value to a journalist, as a journalist, journalism being what it now is. All of these things are of high value to a man, as a man; to a journalist, as a means of obtaining a place, they are of no use whatever." Of the many virtues of the *Evening Post*, the most conspicuously agreeable is that it is always in hot water. No sooner had the above passage appeared in print than

a score of other able editors were denouncing it as the meanest and most paltry view of journalism that had ever come under their scandalized notice; not seeing that its whole pith is summed up in the clause, "journalism being what it now is." The *New York Evening Post* was not, of course, condemning the possession of knowledge by a journalist. It was only insisting that in the present vicious condition of American journalism an acquaintance with ancient and modern languages is no passport to a position. And, indeed, I gravely question whether any man would be refused a place on the *New York Journal*, simply because his knowledge of the Homeric controversy did not come up to Mr. Hearst's standard. I know of only three daily papers in this country, though there may be more, in which literary subjects are treated editorially. In England, where Latin and Greek are still quoted even in the House of Lords, and where men like Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Dobson and Mr. H. D. Traill are still regular contributors to the daily press, scholarship has a direct commercial value. There and in France it is still possible for a man, solely by his knowledge of literature, to make a decent living in journalism. Here it is not possible, and Greek and Latin, mathematics and the sciences are of no more value to an American journalist than they are to every cultivated man, as means of strengthening his mind, broadening his sympathies, and accustoming him to the habit of strong, intellectual exertion.

¶The *Chicago Tribune* considers that "an elementary understanding of Latin would be useful." What it means by an elementary understanding we discover later on when it says with happy originality that a journalist,

"like a poet, *nascitur non fit*." Greek is damned as "utterly useless"; which is rather hard on a deserving language. "French, Italian and Scandinavian, while not essentials, would be helps on occasion; but the one lingual necessity, the *sine qua non* for a reporter or editor, is a correct knowledge of the English tongue." I doubt whether a man with a correct knowledge of the English tongue would talk about "helps on occasion." "The higher mathematics are not wanted; arithmetic is. So far as history is concerned, the applicant should have a knowledge of the history of his own country, especially as it pertains to politics, national measures and men and the prominent events in his state, and he should have a good general knowledge of the history of the leading countries of the world, especially of Great Britain, Germany, France and Russia, so that he may understand the meaning and bearing of foreign news events. (Coming from one who chatters about a correct knowledge of the English tongue, "foreign news events" seems an odd phrase.) Chemistry is valuable for any intelligent man who has an aptitude for that science. (Correct!) Biology and psychology are not especially needed, while the usefulness of ethics, the moralities and philosophy depends largely upon how much useful information has to be sacrificed in order to master them." To the *Chicago Tribune*, "a keen nose for smelling news," appears to be the most desirable journalistic quality. It ends with the remark that "it will be better for the journalist to know something about everything than everything about one thing."

¶Here I gleefully join issue with the *Tribune*. So far as reporters are concerned, it is probably right. All that one can expect from a reporter is that he should successfully conceal his ignorance. If in addition to that it can

be said that he has a proper respect for himself and his public, that he can recognize a trifle when he sees it without endeavoring to pad it out into a column of nonsense and that he knows the difference between public and private news, then he is really a useful member of society. The unfortunate part of it is that the correspondents of so many of our papers are merely common eavesdroppers and scandal-scavengers. They pry into the precincts of boudoirs and parlors and filch the secrets of escritoirs and blotting-pads. All their news has been overheard or stolen. A key-hole is their principal point of view. On bended knees they scrape together what unfiltered family filth they can get a peep at. The bickerings and misfortunes of some unhappy fireside are reported by these domestic spies with every adornment of vulgarity and scurrility. Their language and style of composition are a grammar and glossary of the latest slang and in sheer indecency guide and teach the most ambitious of Bowery pupils. Time alone will kill off this blackguard brood. The better class of American reporters are probably more skilled in their work, more energetic, more daring, and more forcible than the reporters of any other country. For them, no doubt, it is more immediately useful to know a little of everything than to have specialised on one subject. But the collection of news is or ought to be the smallest part of a newspaper's duties. A journal should be something more than a kinetoscope. It should stand for everything that is best in the world around it, the purest politics, the best art, the best drama, the best literature, and the cleanest sport; and the men who have the direction of it cannot escape from the responsibility of moulding public opinion for good or evil. We have many such men among us—Mr. Horace White, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, Mr. Godkin,

Mr. Caspar Whitney and a score of others; and it is only men like these that the University of Chicago should aim at producing.

¶[How is it to be done? How is the boy of seventeen to be converted into a Godkin? The reply comes easily from the boy himself. He has no doubts whatever. He is clever; he has a college reputation for wit and originality; he has ideas and some nimbleness of thought; he has a smattering of ancient languages, enough, let us say, to make him break away from business. He needs no capital; he can write though he has not a coat fit to wear on the street. He requires no teaching, and, indeed, there can be no professor who will instruct him how to compile a book or an article. In every other profession and in every trade you must begin at the beginning. In literature you can rush at once to the top rung of the ladder. Why should not he reach it at one bound? Disraeli did it, Dickens did it, Macaulay did it, and people read them and publishers wrote them cheques and while other professional men of their own ages, lawyers and doctors and business men were unknown and penniless, these lucky young fellows were pointed out on the street and seated in high places. Only one man in a hundred can win the prize, it is true; but his chance is surely as good as another's. And the prize itself is so well worth the winning. There is the table and there the pen and ink. How simple it all is. The boy sits down and writes, perhaps a tale of college life with a kindly glorification of himself in the rôle of hero, perhaps a satire on society with a millionaire as villain in chief. Then does that bulky manuscript appear from time to time, with short intervals of absence, on his breakfast table — the family looking another way as he enters the

room — through many heart-rending weeks; and the young giant ends by consoling himself with the halcyon dollars of a local newspaper. Then his downfall is complete. He becomes a journalist.

¶ The mistake he and so many men make is in supposing that on a foundation of mere cleverness and literary smartness they can become successful journalists. To a novelist or short-story writer knowledge is not an essential, and indeed the ignorance of authors has become almost a commonplace. Charles Dickens knew as little of things in general as was possible for a man who walked through the world with both his eyes open and heard what people were talking of all around him. Thackeray was well acquainted with the lighter literature of several languages, but made no pretense to any knowledge of hard, dry facts. Charlotte Brontë, about whom such a ridiculous fuss is being made just now, was genius and ignorance. Goldsmith, apparently, knew nothing; and it is precisely this lack of general information that makes literary men so hard to talk to. To them in their art strict knowledge is not a necessity; sometimes, indeed, as in the case of George Eliot, it is a handicap. But to a journalist a large stock of sound, technical knowledge, constantly replenished, is of the first importance. It is not enough to take a mere interest in politics, to have a sort of inclination toward the study of foreign affairs, to dabble in history, to find pleasure in literature. You must know everything about politics and everything about foreign affairs to be able to write on them usefully and intelligently. And that is what the average journalist will not recognize. His mind, like his life, is of the Bohemian order, intolerant of steady routine, averse to systematic study, impatient of the persistent and uninteresting

pursuit of details. In the course of business he picks up a casual, incomplete acquaintance with a variety of subjects. What he lacks is the crystallizing virtue of application to turn that acquaintance into intimacy.

¶The successful journalist is the specialist. If the University of Chicago can bring that truth home to its students it will be doing them and journalism a great service. No other teaching that I know of is of any use. The education of a journalist should be the education of every cultivated man. I like to think of the Professor of Journalism at Chicago dismissing his students at the end of their course with these kindly words: "Gentlemen, you have had a good education; you are taking away with you from college some knowledge of your own powers and the habit of thinking for yourselves. Do not make the mistake of looking upon Journalism as an easy profession. The only way to succeed in newspaper work as in every other profession is by plodding. I would advise you to choose now the subject on which you especially want to write, on which you wish to become a recognized authority. You must make yourself a master of it. You must work at it till you can write on it in all its details with absolute confidence. If possible let it be some subject in which the minutest accuracy is indispensable, that will force you to concentrate your whole mind on its study. I say that because, between ourselves, detail is not paid much attention to at our universities. Most of you will want a bracing tonic before long. You, Smith, ought to find it in politics. I fancy, Jones, your talents lie in the direction of the currency question. In you, Robinson, I see a dramatic critic in embryo. You must give up your lives to these studies, just as another man would give up his life to pork-pack-

ing. You have enough general knowledge and literary ability to keep you in bread and butter for years to come. You can write on other subjects, as much as you like, but you must be thoroughly grounded in one. In good journalism there is no room for the man who knows a little of everything. A year or so ago the *Denver Times* after the defeat of the Cornell boat on the Thames, declared that the crew had been 'foully drugged.' That shows the folly of allowing the lady who regularly supplied the cookery column to write the sporting notes. Therefore, I say unto you, specialise and you will prosper. Valeté."

¶ There is a well-grounded tradition among decent people that it is ungracious to speak ill of the dead and for that reason I purpose to be guarded in my remarks. I am, however, strongly tempted by *The Tatler's* own example in the reminiscent London "News" of its second issue, to head my note with a "Special to the Chap-Book" and to announce, several weeks after all the world knows it, that *The Daily Tatler* is dead. The paper is dead—and dead of its own desert.

Had the "spirit of innocent friskiness," in which we are assured this enterprise was begun, only been tempered by some thoughtful consideration of the real problem to be attacked *The Tatler* might have prolonged its existence beyond thirteen days. If it had found the means to establish itself as a legitimate journal, with selected news of the day and perhaps two cultivated reporters, it might have been an attractive contribution to journalism. Or it might frankly have announced itself as an annually-recurring visitation upon the metropolis. Anything in fact except unrelieved talk about literature and the arts—daily. This no one can endure.

For a fortnight each year New York might be amused by it, and in spite of its deftness at making enemies through malicious doggerel in thirteen days *The Tatler* found it difficult to drive away all the admirers of the scheme. In a way, the thing was well done. In appearance, of course, it was wretched. The paper was cheap; the typography uncommon but tasteless, and the use of mourning borders — although appropriate — was premature by a fortnight. On the other hand there was a curiously blended flavor of our own decade and last century. The material was clever and pointed. It showed skill and entertaining qualities — and as a protest against the immoderate emphasis laid on mere news by the ordinary newspapers, it was, indeed, welcome. Perhaps next time there need not be the same inconsistency between its own appearance and its editorials on typographical taste.



The Chap-Book

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With the issue of January 15th, the CHAP-BOOK will take what is probably the most significant step in its career. The publishers have determined to enlarge the magazine to the size of the English weekly reviews, and to begin at once the publication of criticisms of important new books. The restriction of size has hitherto made the CHAP-BOOK's mention of contemporary books necessarily occasional, cursory and inadequate. In its new form the CHAP-BOOK will have ample space for reviews which shall keep the reader informed of all the important publications in travel, history and belles-lettres.

In addition to this the CHAP-BOOK will continue to print stories, poems and essays as before. The department of notes will be continued, enlarged and will appear at the front of each issue. The illustrations will be limited to portraits and pictures of literary interest, and purely decorative designs.

Mr. Max Beerbohm's series of caricatures will be continued throughout the spring and there will be, from time to time, carefully printed and chosen colored supplements.

Mr. Henry James's latest story, a novelette, will run as a serial, probably beginning with the first number in the new form. Mr. Clarence Rook's interviews with literary men, which began with the article on Mr. Bernard Shaw, is also to be continued.

It is believed that there is still a field in this country for a review which shall print carefully chosen original matter, and shall, in addition, to the best of its ability, subject contemporary writing to the highest literary standards.

The CHAP-BOOK's endeavor will be to be at once sane and entertaining. It wishes to invite criticism as a literary and critical journal of the first rank. With its list of contributors it has long since ceased to desire any comparison with the numerous obvious imitations of it, the so-called miniature magazines. These papers had indeed, before the majority of them suspended publication, destroyed any charm which the small size originally had.

With its changes the CHAP-BOOK hopes to offer all it has formerly given the public, and much more. The price remains the same, \$2.00 per year, although the amount of material in its pages will be increased more than two-fold.

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